

## STOLE ART TREASURES FROM LAWYER DOSTER.

Edward Thatcher, Model Butler, Looted His Employer's Home.

Costly Bronzes, Silver and Memorabilia of Yale Victories in the Plunder.

Cherished Badges Belonging to "Bob" Cook, the Famous Coach, Also Carried Away.

DRAMATIC EXPOSE AT A DINNER.

It Was When the Old Loving Cup Was Missed That the Secret Came Out, and the Butler Soon After Confessed.

Until yesterday he was Lawyer Roger Foster's model English butler, Edward Thatcher; but now he is a self-confessed,



### HIS HOUSE LOOTED BY HIS BUTLER.

Lawyer Roger Foster believed he had a model butler in Edward Thatcher, and he had felt restless in that belief until he discovered at a dinner given in his bachelor apartments that a treasured loving-cup was missing. The butler, in an interview with the lawyer in his study, subsequently confessed that he had stolen costly bronzes, souvenirs of Yale-Harvard aquatic contests, badges, silver trinkets and watch charms, and even the loving-cup. Some of the stolen articles are the property of "Bob" Cook, the famous coach.

Ingenious thief. Until yesterday he was the trusted man in a swallow-tail coat and low-cut vest, who had entire charge of the lawyer's luxurious bachelor home at No. 70 West Fifty-fourth street; but now, still wearing the swallow-tail, he is a prisoner in the East Fifty-first Street Police Station. Lawyer Foster is a Yale man and a lover of high art. Evidence of this are found in every room on every floor of his four-story brownstone residence, where expensive paintings, bric-a-brac and Barye bronzes are displayed in lavish profusion. These include green bronzes of crouching tigers with antelopes in their claws, Diannas with bows and arrows, Cupids and groups typical of love scenes. Everything in the bachelor's home is genuine; the silverware is solid and artistically chased, and each article bears the owner's initials, "R. F."

Mr. Foster is proud of his collection and delights in making costly additions to it from time to time. He also takes pains in dilating upon their merits to old college chums when they dine with him every week. Robert J. Cook, the famous oarsman and coach of many a winning Yale crew, is one of those particular chums, and so is Lawyer William H. Sweeney. So are many others, including prominent men of the Democratic Club.

"Bob" Cook and Lawyer Sweeney dined with Lawyer Foster Monday night. After the repeat came coffee, served in individual pots with ebony handles, and choice cigars. Thatcher was in attendance upon them in all the glory of his princeliness, starchiness and official regalia. If anything, he was more stiff than usual.

**The Wrong Bottle.** "Edward, like that old Madeira," Edward, some of that old Madeira, produced a bottle from the sideboard and filled the gold-encrusted glasses of the guests. "Your health!" and the guests sipped; but one sip was enough. Each looked at the other, each looked at Edward.

"Why, you're given us rye whiskey," said the most reproachfully as he seized the bottle. The usual portable silver tag and chain were gone. In confusion the butler admitted he had made a mistake, and pro-

duced the Madeira, but that, too, had been shorn of its silver tag. That fact did not pass unnoticed, but it excited no comment. Incidents of college life were discussed and old battles with the oars fought over again. "Now, Edward, the loving cup and the stout."

Edward stood motionless. "It's gone, perhaps," he said faintly. "It's gone," perhaps, he said faintly. "It's gone," perhaps, he said faintly.

But Lawyer Foster stopped him with a wave of his hand. The party broke up soon after this episode, and Mr. Foster went into his study and sank into a big armchair. "Tinkle, tinkle," went a silver bell in response to the lawyer's touch, and Edward appeared.

**The Confession.** That interview was in secret, but the lawyer asked the butler what had become of the loving cup, a treasured souvenir of victory, won by Yale on the water, the property of "Bob" Cook. It was of solid silver and massive. In sentimental interest it was priceless, though its intrinsic value was perhaps \$500. In tears and upon his knees, begging for compassion, the butler confessed that he had stolen and pawned it. How about the silver labels on the bottles? Also stolen and pawned. But that was not all. For further revelations were coming.

Going to two small tables that stood under the mantelpiece, Edward assumed a dramatic pose. The lawyer supposed that his bronze treasures of nude boys in poetic postures were there concealed by the light drapery. But he was soon undeceived, for with a quick movement Edward removed the covering and revealed, not the bronzes, but empty cigar boxes and bottles that had been used as dummies for the \$500 treasures, when he also took them to a pawnshop.

Lawyer Foster pressed his guilty employee to tell the whole truth, and he did so. This is what he confessed to having stolen in a period of time extending through more than two years:

Silver knives, forks and spoons, marked "E. J. C." Harvard, 24m. 38s. Silver wine cup and ladle. Silver clock marked "W. G." Gold mounted opera glasses, marked "Roger Foster." Two hair brushes with silver backs, marked "R. J. C." Silver pepper box. Two pairs of a silver candlestick. Case of twelve gold-colored wine glasses. Silver match box, marked "R. J. C." Gold cigar cutter. Leather valise. Three new suits of clothes. Black Spring overcoat. Watch chain, badge, pin, trinkets, all of solid gold, and an ivory-headed hammer.

The bronzes. The priceless loving cup.

**The Pawn Tickets.** Many of the trinkets and other articles belonged to "Bob" Cook, who, part of the time, lives in the same house, and are valued by him at far more than their intrinsic worth. One badge bore this inscription, "R. J. Cook, 78, Coach, June 28, 1888." That, too, was a memento of triumph at the oar. It was a pretty thing of crossed tridents and elaborate filigree work. Another bore the words, "International Regatta—Intercollegiate Fours—R. J. Cook, Philadelphia, 1876."

Then Edward unfolded from his pockets a bewildering array of pawn tickets, each and every one bearing the name "Foster," and all of which had been issued for goods stolen from the house by the supposed model butler and pledged by him. Of these there were twenty-seven, and they had been obtained in almost as many different shops. The lawyer took them and arranged them in piles according to the locations of the brokers. That task finished, communication was had with the police, and Edward was arrested.

In the police station the butler reiterated his confession and pleaded poverty in extenuation of his crime. Debt, caused by the illness of his wife and daughter, who also live in the lawyer's house, had impelled him to take the step, but the police believe he lost his funds by "playing the races." He had money, but as he was led away to a cell the lawyer, regardless of the remorseless fashion in which he had been robbed, thrust a buncheon into his hand.

"Here, Edward, take this; you may need it to buy something that you might fancy." And they separated.

Detective Doyle spent the most of yesterday in making the rounds of the pawnshops, and he succeeded in recovering all of the stolen property except the bronze figures. These will be produced in court today.

Meanwhile Thatcher's feeble little wife is pacing up and down in the bachelor's home, weeping over the disgrace that has fallen upon her family, yet refusing to believe that her husband is a common thief. "It must be somebody else!" she moans. But, unfortunately for her, he is the guilty man.

## MOTT WAS DEAF TO ALL PLEAS FOR STORM.

Held the Former Assistant District-Attorney for the Grand Jury.

In Vain the Complainant Declared His Charge of Stealing Was a Mistake.

Magistrate Wrathfully Inquired if the Attorneys Wished to Have Him Impeached.

THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS DISMAYED.

"I Won't Be Bullied," Was the Declaration of Mott—District Attorney Will Attend to the Case To-day.

Deaf to the pleadings of Milton P. Bagg, the Malden lane jeweller, who was convinced he had done his old friend, former Assistant District-Attorney Walton Storm, a grave injustice, Magistrate Mott, in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday afternoon, held the latter in \$1,000 bail for appearance before the Grand Jury, on the charge of stealing two diamond studs, valued at \$300.

The decision of the Magistrate occasioned the greatest surprise, not unshared with indignation on the part of the friends of the parties. Mr. Bagg, the complaining witness, had confessed he had been hasty in bringing the felonious charge against Mr. Storm.

"You can't make me deviate an inch from my position," cried the Magistrate wrathfully. "You people want to get me into trouble. You want me impeached, I dare say!"

Both Abraham Levy, counsel for Mr. Storm, and Caesar Simis, who represented Mr. Bagg, disclaimed any such desire, but Magistrate Mott would have none of it. "You can't get me to compound a felony," he declared. "I know what I am about, and I will hold this man for the Grand Jury. It's none of my business what he may have been in the past. He stands before me charged with a felony, and that's enough for me."

Walton Storm's name, in large carved letters, is emblazoned on the stone tablets at the entrance of the great building in which he was tried yesterday, stating that he was at the time of the erection of the building chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen.

Mr. Storm had been charged by his close friend of fifteen years standing, Milton Bagg, with having taken from the Malden lane store of the latter two diamond studs worth \$300, on a memorandum order. This was on September 12. Storm had said he took the stones to send them to a friend in Scranton, Pa., who would either return the stones or their purchase price.

Storm returned neither gems nor money, and, after waiting a few days, Mr. Bagg caused his arrest on the charge of grand

larceny at the

Storm has been in the Tombs.

Mr. Levy and Mr. Simis went to the Magistrate yesterday and asked that the case be dismissed, as the complaining witness was convinced he had acted hastily.

"Not unless Mr. Bagg will admit that he swore falsely when he made the affidavit, charging the defendant with this crime," exclaimed Magistrate Mott.

"Mr. Bagg will make no affidavit that he committed perjury, if that is what you mean," replied Mr. Simis.

"I won't allow myself to be misled up in any such business," said Mott. "The defendant must be examined the same as any other man, and I won't be bullied out of this position."

"Well, then," said Mr. Levy, "will you allow the examination to go over until the morning, and parole the defendant until that time?"

No, sir, I will not. Not a bit of it. No, sir," he said, "as a few minutes later the formal examination was begun."

Mr. Bagg was the first witness. He told of how and under what circumstances he had given the stones to Mr. Storm, and had learned subsequent to the arrest that Mr. Bagg had disposed of them exactly as he had said he would do. The stones had been returned to him from Scranton.

"I can't help all that," said the Magistrate, "you have brought the charge, and I don't purpose to dispose of it. Do you want to get me impeached?" he inquired, turning to the counsel.

The matter will be taken before the Grand Jury by the District Attorney this morning, and it is expected Mr. Storm will be at liberty again by noonday.

**FOOTPAD TOOK HIS WATCH.** Asked Rouenhoff for Tobacco and Then Knocked Him Down and Robbed Him.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 14.—Peter Rouenhoff, of No. 24 Harris street, was on his way home between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning, when, at the corner of Clay and Jackson streets, he was accosted by a rough-looking fellow.

"Give me a chew of tobacco," was the fellow's demand.

"I have none," answered Rouenhoff. "You won't give up, eh? Then take that," and he knocked Rouenhoff down with a blow of his fist.

Before Rouenhoff could recover himself the fellow had taken his valuable gold watch and fled. The victim believes that his assailant was Michael O'Keefe, of No. 407 Main street, Paterson, and today caused his arrest. O'Keefe was committed to jail.

**JOINS HIS OLD COMMANDER.**

Ballington Booth's Former Secretary Will Be a Major in the Volunteers.

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 14.—J. G. Hallimond, who for many years was private secretary to Commander Ballington Booth, when he latter was at the head of the Salvation Army, and who has been acting as superintendent of the Pilgrim Mission, under Rev. A. H. Bradford, of the First Congregational Church, is to join the Volunteers of America, now commanded by Ballington Booth.

During the commander's regime in the Salvation Army Mr. Hallimond refused to acquiesce in the army's hostility to the churches and remained outside the organization. These objections do not exist with the Volunteers.

Mr. Hallimond will take the rank of major and assist Mr. Booth in executive and platform work.

**Baptist Association Convention.** New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 14.—The Central New Jersey Baptist Association Convention was opened in this city today. There was a large attendance at the ministers' conference, which was held in the Livingston Avenue Baptist Church. Rev. W. W. Barker, of Phillipsburg, was moderator. There were prayer and singing, after which an excellent sermon was delivered by Rev. J. L. Hastie, of Croton, N. J.

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**American Painless Dental Parlors**  
18 WEST 14TH ST.  
Week Days 8 to 6; Sundays 10 to 4.

Them Down.

Stapleton, S. I., Oct. 14.—There was a lively time on the Richmond Road at Convent this afternoon in which an electric car of the Midland Company was brought into service as a battering ram.

George Connelly, proprietor of the Robin Hood Hotel, has been on the warpath with the Midland Electric Company, which, he claims, has laid rails on his property. He has made several futile efforts to settle with the trolley company.

This afternoon Connelly, with the assistance of Philip Kries and his son, set out to dig postholes between the rails, in which they securely placed large posts. When the car, crowded with passengers, came along it was unable to pass the obstruction.

The passengers became indignant, and after a delay of twelve minutes the motor-man determined that he would pass the obstruction at any risk. He backed the car, and then made a dash for it at full speed. The car struck the post with force

move, nely replaced the post. Several cars were delayed, when finally the police, who had been summoned, arrived and placed Connelly and the Krieses under arrest. They were taken to the Edgewater Police Court, where Justice Kullman held them for a hearing next Tuesday. He admonished Connelly not to interfere with the trolley company until the case in court had been disposed of.

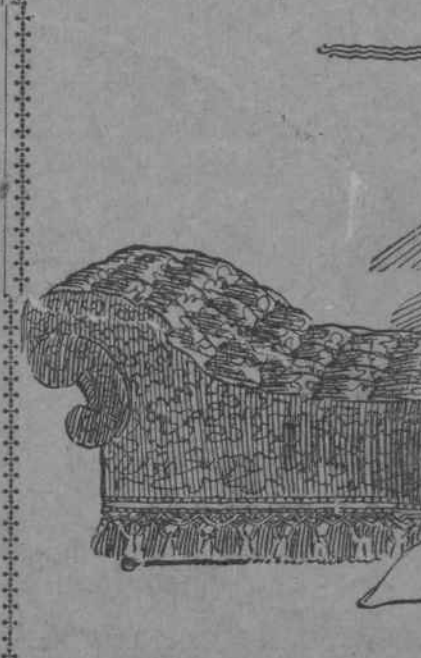
Connelly said he was acting under the advice of his lawyer, who instructed him to fence in the property that belonged to him.

**Father and Son Sue for Damages.** Newark, N. J., Oct. 14.—Two suits against the Consolidated Traction Company for \$20,000 and \$10,000 respectively were held together in the Circuit Court today. The plaintiffs were John Eichel and his father, Peter Eichel. They were driving on Bloomfield avenue on June 5 last, when the vehicle was struck by a trolley car and both were thrown out and badly injured. John's injuries, it is claimed, are permanent. Jacob Weiner, a veteran, who had seceded a ride from the Eichels, was instantly killed in the collision.

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